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ANIMALS' WANDERINGS.
Rats the Most Migratory—Lemmings Race With Death.
The fable of the country mouse and the town mouse has a foundation in fact. Mice occasionally migrate in large numbers when food grows scarce and travel considerable distances to fresh houses. Farmers in a part of Perthshire had a good reason to be aware of this fact when a couple of years ago vast swarms of mice invaded their cornfields at harvest time. But the mouse only travels when it has to. The rat, on the contrary, seems to take a yearly outing in very much the same fashion as do human beings. Rats are the most migratory creatures in the world. Whole troops of rats leave the towns at the end of summer and spend a month or two in the country, apparently in order to enjoy the change of food, which the country affords at that time of the year in the way of fresh fruit and grain. Before the cold weather sets in they are all back in their old quarters.

Reindeer migrate with the same regularity as swallows. They move south when winter sets in, but as soon as ever the snow begins to melt they travel steadily north, sometimes for as much as a thousand miles. To end a holiday by deliberate suicide is so strange a phenomenon that for a long time naturalists looked upon the stories of the migration of the lemmings as an improbable fiction. Yet the facts are beyond dispute. At irregular intervals these little creatures start out from their homes in the fastnesses of northern Scandinavia in huge droves, numbering tens of thousands, and travel steadily southward. Death pursues them in a hundred forms. Hawks and other birds of prey hover above them. Foxes, wolves and man decimate them. Thousands are drowned in rivers. Yet the rest struggle on until they reach the sea. They do not stop. They plunge in, swim out and struggle on until at last their strength fails and they drown. Not one ever returns from this journey of death.—London Answers.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.
When an attorney offers to settle, listen.
Some men try to get business by fighting people.
The successful business man is one who knows what people will not do.
When a man gets discouraged and quits, the doctor says afterward that was just the time when he should have held on.
When one of the town boys marries an out of town girl it creates more "feeling" than when a town girl imports a husband.
When a man wants to sharpen a knife he hunts up a whetstone. When a woman wants to sharpen a knife she takes a few swipes on a crock.
It often happens that the woman who has a reputation for and wide as a judge of a good bargain seems to fall down when she picks out a husband.—Atchison Globe.

Preparedness.
Begin the morning by saying to thyself, I shall meet the busybody, the ungrateful, arrogant, deceitful, envious and unsocial, but I, who have seen the nature of the good, that it is beautiful, and that of the bad, that it is ugly, can be injured by none of them.—Marcus Aurelius.

THE LOST PARADISE

THEORIES AS TO THE LOCATION OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

The Consensus of Learned Opinion Supports the Belief That Adam and Eve's Original Home Was on the Great Babylonian Plain.
Almost every spot of the globe has had the claim made on its behalf that it is the site of vanished Eden. Most persons seem agreed on the fact that paradise has disappeared from our midst. The question is, Where was it situated? To those who deny the Biblical story of man's genesis the question takes another form, and they perplex themselves as to the spot in which man first appeared on this earth. Some evade the difficulty by saying that man appeared in many different spots—that he did not spring from one original.

If we accept the doctrine of the Darwinians we are forced to confess that the place where man first evolved must have been anything but a garden of Eden. It must have been a haunt of mere animalism, and its food would certainly not have been fruit. Roughly speaking, therefore, there are two schools—those who believe that man came from a divine original, but fell away from his first estate, to which with infinite labor he may return, and those who believe that he evolved from the beast and is still evolving to the greatness that he may ultimately attain. Settling aside these somewhat discordant theories, we may well ask, Where was Eden?

The soundest scientists are agreed that mankind came from a single origin—whether a distinct creation or an evolution is beside the mark—and the original man must have had a local habitation. The geographical manuals and maps of the middle ages leave a good deal to be desired in the matter of accurate detail, but they have at least the merit of boldness, and if we go to them for an answer to our question we may get something like a definite reply. According to an old map of the thirteenth century, paradise is a circular island lying near India. It is surrounded by a wall in which is a gateway opening to the west. The gate is closed and the wall quite insurmountable. Our later atlases do not locate this happy island.

Other early maps would have us believe that Eden lay in central China. We can go with these ancient geographers so far as to place the probable site of man's birthplace in Asia, but the consensus of learned opinion does not incline either to India or China. Eminent authority supports the idea that Eden lay somewhere on the great Babylonian plain, watered by the Tigris and the Euphrates—the Perath and Hiddekel of Genesis. Other authorities give their vote for Armenia, possibly influenced by the tradition which says that the Ark rested on Mount Ararat, but this tradition would only point to Armenia as the probable first home of postdiluvian man.

Professor Dittze and Professor Sayce favor Babylon; Heddenger favors Palestine; Media, Arabia and the upper Nile have all their supporters. Quatrefages, treating the subject solely from a scientific standpoint, concludes that linguistic and other human types point to central Asia, but does not decide on any precise locality.

With the author of Genesis, as Dr. Kailash has remarked, "Eden is geographically described in a manner which leaves no doubt that distinct locality was before the mind of the author." Even to those who think that this author was building on uncertain traditions it must yet be of interest to know what this locality was. Babylon was the most fertile land known to the ancient world; its poorest fields repaid cultivation fiftyfold, its better a hundredfold. Its luxuriance of fruit and grain was so great as to be actually embarrassing. There is no question at all that this district was the seat of Asia's earliest civilization and therefore why not say of the world's?

The ideal of man created perfect and living in a garden of fruitful loveliness has always had a fascination for poor humanity, recognizing its present imperfections and the frequent distressing dimness of its present surroundings. Even those who knew nothing of the Bible story pictured such a spot for themselves. Every early mythology has its fortunate isles, its Atlantis, its Hesperides, its Arcadia and its Golden Age.

Some persons even conjectured that paradise had not been on the earth at all, but was an island floating in the air, something like the island visited by Gulliver. They did not visit to think that the sacred spot could be submerged by the waters of the deluge, and by this device they raised it above any such calamity. On this island dwelt the sacred phoenix; the well of life flowed there; the elixir of immortality; leaves never fell from the trees; the sun shone always on a perpetual summer. Men declined to believe that Eden had been destroyed forever. They preferred to imagine that its gates were closed to them for a season. To deem that such a spot could vanish seemed sacrilegious.

Many an early voyager and explorer had strange dreams of discovering some earthly paradise when he set out for unknown shores—dreams perhaps not spoken, but secretly nourished and strengthened by unconquerable force of romantic superstition that lived in the heart of ages in other ways so dark. Even the Elizabethans dreamed always of some more wonderful country to be discovered. Their toils and perils and fightings had even the redeeming glamour of romance. In those days was the true poetry of travel. There was always some El Dorado, some hidden Eden, to be reached.—Kansas City Independent.

In a snug corner of the deserted library, where the farewells of the departing guests came to them but faintly, she next found herself, without being very clear as to how she came

There was a stir about her like the rush of the wind. For a second she was too lost to think of understanding; then, as she dropped upon her knees somewhat hurriedly, her bewildered eyes caught those of the best man, casually at first and then with a quick, startled recognition of something she saw there. He, too, had the air of a person suddenly awakened from a nightmare, momentarily uncertain of the surroundings in which he found himself.

A moment later she had forgotten his very existence. "He's Ethel's husband now—Ethel's husband," she said sternly to herself, skillfully turning a dry sob into a long, broken breath and composing her face to the radiant expression becoming the bride's best friend.

Merrily the best man admonished himself in a similar strain. "Steady now, old man! Now's the time to get out your happy smile." Then, as the rigid muscles of his face gave no indication of relaxing, his thoughts ran on crossly: "Don't be an ass! It's the worst ever, so you might as well cheer up!"

By the time the great organ pealed out the triumphant strains of the wedding march he and the maid of honor, their masks on, faced the guests that filled the church, ready to play their parts for all they were worth. Something in the music was at once an inspiration and a challenge. "Isn't she sweet?" whispered one of the guests to a companion, referring to the maid of honor. "But how pale she is, and what a curious look there is in her eyes—sort of nothing can ever matter again expression—and yet!"

The speaker stopped, staring thoughtfully at the girl until she had passed. More than once during the course of the wedding breakfast that followed the best man found himself watching her curiously. No one was gayer than she—no one so gay, in fact. Her eyes were brilliant, and her laugh rang out valiantly, but his own misery made him subtly conscious of some undercurrent of feeling that was running strong and pitiless under the surface bubbles—an undertow of misery that she was resisting with all her strength.

He remembered that when, during the ceremony, their eyes had met in that confused, unvelled glance she had been staring at the groom as intently as he had at the bride. Could it be? He did not formulate the thought, but he watched her more keenly than ever after that—so keenly, indeed, that once, unable to bear it any longer, with an appearance of unconsciousness she taxed him with it.

Consolation

By KEITH GORDON
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Through the stained glass above the palms and roses the midday sun streamed in, flecking the scene with gorgeous reds, blues and greens. It shed a golden glory upon the tall, slender, graceful bride, and at the sight the best man shut his jaw a bit more determinedly. She was looking more than ever like an angel, and in five minutes she would be the wife of his best friend. That was the monotonous sentence which kept repeating itself in his mind. As if he were likely to forget!

Opposite him and just behind the bride the maid of honor stood. For the moment she, too, had forgotten the guests, forgotten everything save the fact that the one man in the world whom she most loved—she loved—she always phrased it thus carefully—herself—was at that moment vowing to love and cherish his closest friend. She had a curious feeling that when she was an old, old woman, when a yellow, withered face and dim, sad eyes looked back at her from her mirror, she should still be able to live over again the despair of this moment, when the white robed clergyman was taking him from her life, a thousand times more irrevocably than death could have done.

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"You are very rude!" she said lightly, but at his grave, sincere "Believe me, I have not meant to be," and the searching look that accompanied it, expressive of a sympathy he could not put into words, her lips quivered ever so slightly.

"Weddings get upon my nerves," she explained, with a little grimace, and before he could reply she had turned away.

The shower of rice and old shoes had spent itself, and the bride and groom had departed, taking all the romance of the world with them and leaving behind a monotony without form and void. All of the guests felt it, and already the bustle of departure was in the air. But to the best man and the maid of honor it was a ghastly, appalling fact that made them linger on the steps until the others had re-entered the house, staring blankly after the carriage that had disappeared around the corner. Then the man remembered where he was and pulled himself together with an effort.

"Seems rather like the end of things, doesn't it?" he observed as they turned into the doorway.

"From our standpoint, yes," was the listless answer. Then she caught her lip between her teeth and darted a quick, inquiring glance at him. That was not precisely what she would have chosen to say, and she hoped that he would not notice it. But at the sight of the somber smile in his eyes the hope passed.

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There. The best man was sitting in front of her holding one of her hands in a protecting, big brotherly fashion, while she vainly tried to keep back the tears that seemed to be rising as quietly and relentlessly as a flood. It was no use. Higher and higher they came, and winked hard and shut her teeth firmly. Then she snatched her hand away and covered her face.

"My poor little girl," murmured the best man softly.

"Weddings are always sad, don't you think?" she gasped out, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief and giving a little hysterical laugh. "Still, I don't usually behave like this. You see, when four best friend marriages—that is—everything is different and"—She gave up trying to explain the situation in despair and ended with an incoherent, "But it's all very ridiculous, and I don't know why I should say all this to you."

She was the picture of helpless, girlish misery, and the best man's heart ached for her. Momentarily his sympathy took the edge off his own loneliness. He winced at the thought of her having to suffer alone the maddening sense of loss that tormented him.

"Perhaps it's because misery loves company," he said gently. "Perhaps you feel that this wedding hasn't been altogether like other weddings to me either." He went on, with a matter of fact air, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that they should be confiding in each other.

She was watching him with a dawning understanding in her eyes, and he met her gaze with a whimsical smile, as if he were offering her the open book of his soul to read if she would. "Do you mean that you, too?"

"There was no need," to complete the question, for it was answered before it was spoken. Involuntarily her hands went out to him in quick, warm sympathy, and though her only comment was a breathless "Oh!" it was eloquent with feeling.

Little by little her composure came back to her.

"It was so good of you to tell me," she said gratefully. "I think I feel as Robinson Crusoe did when he discovered the man Friday."

"Not that I'm glad that you're unhappy, too," she added quickly; "only it doesn't seem so lonely now that I know that there is some one who understands. After all, that's what makes life worth living, isn't it?" She finished, looking up at him with what seemed to him the sweetest look he had ever seen in a girl's face.

When at the end of six months the bride and groom returned from their honeymoon abroad the best man and the maid of honor were among the first of their dinner guests.

"See here; it seems to me that you two have been making hay in our absence," laughed the bride, noting with a woman's quick instinct the deep, strong understanding that seemed to exist between the two, whereupon the listeners exchanged somewhat humorous, albeit confused, glance, but refused to explain.

The following June they were married. Just before the Lohengrin march the organist played "Consolation," at which each of the guests as recognized the selection elevated their eyebrows and wondered. But the bride and groom alone were in the secret. It was a case of in memoriam.

The Professor's Love Story.
An amusing story is told concerning Professor Duncan of St. Andrew's university, who was in his younger days a teacher in Dundee. The embryo professor proposed to a lady, who curiously refused him. Shortly afterward Mr. Duncan became Professor Duncan, and the lady heard no more of him, not even by letter.

Some time after she went to St. Andrew's to try the effect of sea bathing. She saw Duncan often, and he talked to her on every subject except the subject she was now apparently interested in.

At last she courageously screwed up her courage and, coming to the point, said: "Mr. Duncan, there was a subject you once mentioned to me some time ago, and really I am rather surprised that you have never returned to it, for I have changed my mind since that time."

The professor simply remarked: "Yes, but I, too, have changed my mind."—London Tit-Bits.

The One Who Was Mad.
A corpulent German came rushing into the circuit court one morning before court was called and said: "I want to get warrant for a man to kill a dog."

"Well, my man, you don't come to this court to get warrants in cases of that kind. If you want the dog killed you should go to a police court," said the judge.

The German started to leave, when the judge inquired in an interested manner: "Did the dog bite you?" "Yes, he bit me."

"Well, was the dog mad?" "Yes, he was mad." No. 1 was madt.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Soft Answer.
It was in 1872 that George Chesmore Bromley, author of "Long Ago and Later On," became a member of the Bohemia club of San Francisco and soon found himself "Sire of the Low Jinks," which occasion he vividly recalls, and especially his arrival at home afterward. He writes: "My dear little wife awoke at my entrance and inquired the time. I looked at my watch and replied, 'Ten minutes past 10,' and then laid the watch on the mantelpiece. Having some doubts as to the correctness of my reply, the little woman arose and looked for herself. 'What time did you say it was?' she asked again. 'Ten minutes past 10,' said I. 'Ten minutes past 10! Why, it only lacks ten minutes of 2,' said she. 'Is that so?' said I. 'Why, bless my soul, how time flies! I had no idea that I had been home so long.' This was an other occasion when I realized that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

Wrestling With the Spaniard.
When Walter Williams, from Columbus, Miss., was in Spain in the summer of 1903 he called upon a provincial editor in the interest of the St. Louis exposition. The next day the paper had the following: "Walter Williams of the United States purchased the state of Louisiana and next year will give a celebration, to which he invites his fellow journalists of Europe." Mr. Williams again called upon the editor and thoroughly explained matters. The editor apologized and printed this correction: "Governor Francis of Missouri has purchased a large tract of land in the Great American desert, and Walter Williams is here to invite the journalists of Spain to a show which the governor will give next year." Mr. Williams fled the place, fearful the editor might explain some more.

Rosetti's Awful Breakfast.
It was at one time arranged that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his brother William and Swinburne and George Meredith should live together in a certain house. Meredith happened to see Dante Gabriel Rossetti at breakfast and changed his plans. Meredith himself tells the story. "It was past noon," says he, "Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table on a huge dish rested five thick slabs of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death. Presently Rossetti appeared in his dressing gown, with slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." That meal was too much for Meredith, and he sacrificed three months' rent rather than see it repeated.

The Sphinx's Riddle.
The riddle which the sphinx propounded to the Thebans and the solution of which she made a condition of her withdrawal from the state was as follows: "What animal has one voice at first four, then two and at last three feet?" Oedipus discovered the answer to be "man," who in infancy, from using his hands as well as his feet in walking, may be said to have four feet (all fours), in after life employs but two, and in old age to these he adds a staff, which may be reckoned a third. Upon this solution being given the sphinx is said to have thrown herself headlong from the citadel.

Siam.
The worth thing that can happen to a man in Siam is to get into debt, from which there is never any escape, owing to the exorbitant interest charged. One in debt there is no appeal, the debtor being stripped of his clothes and compelled to work in fetters, generally for the rest of his life, to pay the interest. Drunkards are not permitted to give evidence in the law courts of Siam. The Buddhist priests, clad in yellow robes, are to be seen everywhere in Bangkok, and it is quite common for young men to enter the priesthood, which affords them an easy and luxurious existence, owing to the liberality of the populus toward any one sanctioned to the service of Buddha.

A Chinese Columbus.
The belief in a Chinese Columbus was first allowed by scholars only in the first half of the last century. The claim is that a Buddhist priest in the fifth century crossed the Pacific to this continent and returned, making a written report of his discovery. The report still exists. It was translated into French in 1781 by M. de Guignes. It gave a narrative of a voyage eastward by a priest of 20,000 li, where he found a country which he named Fusang. People similar to the Indians were described, as well as American plants. The only doubt about the matter is as to the distance meant by 20,000 li. The priest may have reached only some island in the Pacific ocean.

Well Timed.
"That was a great sermon you preached this morning," said the old churchwarden, "and it was well timed too."

"Yes," rejoined the parson, with a deep sigh. "I noticed that."

"Noticed what?" asked the puzzled ward.

"That several of the congregation looked at their watches frequently," answered the old man, with another deep sigh.—London Telegraph.

An Unpardonable Fault.
Figg—Goodman is a fellow. He has led a most beautiful and a correct life. Everybody praises him. Fogg—Buc confound him, he trumped my ace once when we were playing partners at whist.

Sorry He Spoke.
Caller—What did sister say when you told her I was here? Tommy—She said, "Oh, thunder!"—Boston Traveller.

Rhythm and time in the art of music have to come from the heart, not from the machine.—Dr. Joachim.

Violated the Rules.
Assistant—Here's an account from your letter among this morning's letters. He writes on the back that he wants a settlement at once. Editor—Return it with a printed slip stating that communications written on both sides of the paper are unavailable.

An Inherited Quality.
Mike (the cop)—Faith, an phwat an old fashioned kid that is! Katy (the nurse)—Shure it is. An' no wonder that she is, for some of her ancestors lived nearly 400 years ago.—Judge.

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AN ODD FISH.
Queer Marine Monster a Natural Enemy to Whales.
While operating at a fishery in Admiralty island, Alaska, one summer my attention and the attention of the fishing crew were almost daily attracted to a large marine creature that would appear in the main channel of Seymour canal and our immediate vicinity. There are large numbers of whales of the species orqual there, and the monster seemed to be their natural enemy. The whales generally travel in schools, and while at the surface to blow one would be singled out and attacked by the fish, and a battle was soon in order. It is the nature of the orqual to make three blows at intervals of from two to three minutes each, and then sound deep and stay beneath the surface for thirty or forty minutes. As a whale would come to the surface there would appear always at the whale's right side and just about where his head would connect with the body a great long tail or fin, "judged by five fishermen and a number of Indians after seeing it about fifteen times at various distances," to be about twenty-four feet long, two and one-half feet wide at the end and tapering down to the water, where it seemed to be about eighteen inches in diameter, looking very much like the blade of the fan of an old fashioned Dutch windmill.

The great club was used on the back of the unfortunate whale in such a manner that it was a wonder to me that every whale attacked was not instantly killed. Its operator seemed to have perfect control of its movements and would bend it back until the end would touch the water, forming a horseshoe loop; then with a sweep it would be straightened and brought over and down on the back of the whale with a whack that could be heard for several miles. If the whale was fortunate enough to submerge it self before the blows came, the spray of the blow for a distance of a hundred feet from the effect of the stroke, making a report as loud as a yacht's signal gun.

What seemed most remarkable to me was that, no matter which way the attacked whale went or how fast (the usual speed is about fourteen knots), that great club would follow right along by its side and deliver those tremendous blows at intervals of about four or five seconds. It would always come from three to five blows at each of the surface, and the whale would come to the surface to blow. The whale would generally rid itself of the enemy when it took its deep sound, especially if the water was forty fathoms or more deep. During the day the attack was always offshore, but at night the whales would be attacked in the bay and within 400 yards of the fishery.

I do not know of any whales being killed, but there were several that had great holes and sores on their backs. Questioning the Indians about it, I was told that there was only one, that it had been there for many years and that it once attacked an Indian canoe and with one stroke of the great club smashed the canoe into splinters, killing and drowning several of its occupants.—Forest and Stream.

Simple Life.
In my wanderings on foot when I walk through the provinces of Europe and talk to the people and fish and learn I find that what people lack most in life is simplicity, the poor man as well as the rich. It consists not in plain dress, but in plain living, in simplicity of heart, of personal beliefs and respect for the beliefs of others.—Rev. Charles Wagner.

Cause For Sorrow.
Brown—Smith is down with brain fever. Green—You don't say so! Brown—Yes. The doctor says if he recovers his mind will be a blank. Green—Well, I'm sorry to hear that. He owes me \$10.

Spitful.
Kate—Do you think it's true that people catch anything through kissing? Mudge—Oh, I don't think so. See how often you've been kissed and you've never caught anybody yet.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—Landon.

The Retort Amiable.
Missus—I don't want you to have so much company. You have more callers in a day than I have in a week. Domestic—Well, mum, perhaps if you'd try to be a little more agreeable you'd have as many friends as I have.

Serious Mistake.
Dr. Cutts—I made an awful mistake when I diagnosed that man's case as appendicitis. Dr. Slash—What did the operation disclose? Dr. Cutts—That he didn't have a cent.—Cleveland Leader.

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN
If you are nervous and tired out continually you could have no clearer warning of the approach of serious female trouble. Do not wait until you suffer unbearable pain before you seek treatment. You need Wine of Cardui now just as much as if the trouble were more developed, and the torturing pains of disordered menstruation, bearing down pains, leucorrhoea, backache and headache were driving you to the unforgiving relief that Wine of Cardui has brought hundreds of thousands of women and will bring you. Wine of Cardui will drive out all trace of weakness and ban

THE AMADOR LEDGER

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R. WEBB Editor and Manager

FRIDAY JANUARY 27, 1905

FACED WITH REVOLUTION.

The internal struggles now in progress between the toiling, down-trodden masses of Russia and the ruling class of the nobility are significant of coming revolution. The fires of discontent have been smoldering for many years, but the policy of undue expansion urged on regardless of consequences for the benefit of the grand dukes, which has resulted in the disastrous war with Japan, has brought on the crisis, and fanned the incipient discontent into active revolt. Conditions in the Russian empire today are very similar to those that prevailed in France immediately preceding the great French revolution. A weakling king, Louis XVI, was then presiding over the destinies of France. He was a well-disposed monarch, anxious for the welfare of his people, but lacking in firmness of character to meet the momentous crisis of that time. Russia is now presided over by a weak though good-meaning emperor in the person of Nicholas II. He is simply a tool in the hands of designing dukdoms, who are for ever plotting for their own aggrandisement, regardless of the distress of the under classes. France over a century ago was permeated with political organization, clamoring for redress of grievance. The people were ground under the heel of despotism by burdensome taxation, and the denial of demands for reform, until the yoke was too grievous to be borne. Russia is in a similar plight. The laboring population is over-taxed, ill-paid and over-worked. Long hours for a mere pittance of wages, these wages as well as the substance of the producing classes—the agriculturists—eaten up by the demands of the government, have brought the masses to despair of redress by peaceable methods. The right of petition is denied. Revolutionary clubs known as Nihilists thrive throughout the empire, and have been quietly but indefatigably spreading their propaganda of reform. This explosive element has been held in check so far by military despotism. Class prejudices are strong in the land of the Czar. The peasantry have little feeling of respect for the nobility. They regard them as oppressors. On the other hand the nobles look upon the masses as ignorant and incapacitated for any share in the affairs of government, and fit subjects for oppression. Moreover, Russia, like France, at the close of the eighteenth century, is priest ridden. The church has been a powerful factor in holding the masses in subjection. The church and the government are practically the same. The Czar is the civil and religious head of the Russian people, and no where, not even in Moslem countries, does veneration for the native faith exist to a greater extent than in Russia. At the outbreak of the Japanese war sacred relics and images—ikons—were shipped to the front by car loads. It was in deference to the idea that in the presence of the symbols of their faith Russian arms were invincible, even in a war that was far from being popular with the masses. The stern logic of facts has brushed aside all these claims. The armies of the Moscowite have met with uniform defeat instead of victory as promised. The recruiting of the army by forced conscription is being resisted; workmen at the government factories are on strike, the industries of the country are paralyzed, the royal family has fled, frightened at the menacing attitude of the populace; the military, to subdue the turbulence, has shot the people down by hundreds in sight of the imperial palace, thereby widening the gap between the contending factions—the one resolved to arbitrary and despotic measures, the other resolved to be free. Where will it end. On the eve of the mighty upheaval in France, an eyewitness of the scenes of violence and lawlessness in the streets remarked to one of the leaders of the popular uprising, "This is insurrection." "Sire, it is revolution," was the significant and prophetic reply.

In Kansas they have apparently solved the attache scandal. The last legislature had 232 attaches. The evil had been growing for many years, and reached its climax at the above stated limit. A howl was made, and a reform movement under the significant name of Boss Busters was inaugurated, and got into its work in good shape. The legislature now in session in that state is getting along swimmingly with 36 attaches. A boss buster campaign might be profitable, as it certainly would be popular, in California. Amador county is about ripe for such a crusade.

PROPOSED CONSTITUTION CONVENTION.

The subject of calling another constitutional convention to frame a brand new state constitution is being discussed. It is likely that the legislature will take action in that direction at this session. The present constitution was adopted when the sand-lot agitation was at its flood. The organic law bears the impress of that movement. Few will deny that it is far from being a model constitution. It has taken all these years to have its doubtful provisions interpreted by the supreme court. Moreover it is a long way from being fully and stably settled yet. The same process of interpretation would have to be gone through again in the event of a new constitution. The law would then for years be in a more unsettled condition than it is now. It would take many years to reach the vantage ground we occupy now, if a new constitution were sprung upon us. Faulty though our fundamental law may be, it is doubtful if a constitutional convention would remedy matters. We can better mend the defects by amendments than attempt the cure-all process of a new instrument. Of course to call a constitutional convention would require a favorable vote of the people. The expense of a convention would be heavy, with the chances of betterment extremely slim. The Ledger is of the opinion that we can do better by sticking to the old document, and patching it up at intervals, as we have been doing for the past twenty years.

CASTORIA.

The people of the state generally would take more stock in the professions of reform of the legislative solons now in session at Sacramento if the law makers would first tackle the abuses within their own ranks. They certainly do not expect much from a body of grafters who pile on attaches so that they are tumbling over each other, and are really an impediment rather than a help in the line of legislative work. It has got to be a serious question whether the members are running the attaches, or the attaches running the legislators. "Physician heal thyself," is a motto which the California legislators would do well to apply to themselves. There is no branch of the government that is more in need of reform than the state legislature. That body seems to think that its most important work is to fasten an army of attaches upon the public treasury. The people pray to be delivered from the biennial raids of these law makers. It is the crying evil, whose baleful influence tends to demoralize the state government.

CASTORIA.

The direct legislation league has had introduced a proposed constitutional amendment providing for the initiative and referendum in state, cities and counties. Any ordinance of city or county or law of the state must be submitted to a vote of the people on a petition signed by ten per cent of the qualified voters. Notwithstanding the slow and cumbersome method of law making which this would entail, it is realized by many thinking men throughout the state that this plan affords a solution of the problem of getting rid of unwholesome enactments which are passed for the benefit of a few interested parties.

There is much talk about abolishing the state poll tax. It is the most unpopular tax ever devised, cry these abolitionists. Is any form of taxation popular with the particular class that has to plunk down the coin? People are not enamored with taxation of any sort. They pay taxes from necessity rather than choice. The poll tax is most unpopular because it hits the largest number. It is not an unjust tax. It is the only way of reaching tens of thousands of persons who, while sharing in the benefits of government, would otherwise contribute nothing to its support. To repeal the poll tax would wipe half a million dollars from the state's income, and this at a time when statesmen are racking their brains to find new sources of revenue to meet the growing demands of government.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Grand Ball.

There will be a grand ball in Taylor's hall, Amador City, under the auspices of the Catholic Altar Society, for the benefit of the Catholic church of that place on the evening of February 10th. Music by Bower's orchestra. Tickets \$1.00. Supper 50c per plate. 2t

To Cure A Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Weak Hearts

Are due to indigestion. Ninety-nine of every one hundred people who have heart trouble can remember when it was simple indigestion. It is a sad fact that all cases of heart disease are organic, are not only traceable to, but are the direct result of indigestion. All food taken into the stomach which fails of perfect digestion ferments and swells the stomach, puffing it up against the heart. This interferes with the action of the heart, and in the course of time that delicate but vital organ becomes diseased.

Mr. D. Kauble, of Nevada, O., says: I had stomach trouble and was in a bad state as I had heart trouble with it. I took Kodol Dyspepsia Cure for about four months and it cured me.

Kodol Digests What You Eat and relieves the stomach of all nervous strain and the heart of all pressure.

Bottles only. \$1.00. Size holding 24 times the trial size, which sells for 50c.

Prepared by E. O. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

City Pharmacy, Jackson.

DOCUMENTS RECORDED.

(The following instruments have been filed for record in the recorder's office since our last report. We publish a complete list of documents recorded, and must decline to accede to any request to suppress any document from this column. Don't ask us to do so.)

DEEDS.

John Small and James B. Lucas—Last Chance mining claim, Camp Opra district, \$1.

J. S. Amick and wife to Marie Cottel—Lot near Ione, three quarters of a mile west of Ione, \$62.

George Salzgeber and wife to Ursula Yager—One-half of SW1 of NE1 and SE1 of NW1, 30-6-10, \$1.

Louisa Costa to A. H. MacNutt—Lots 3 and 4 block 6, Amador City, \$50.

Lucy A. Voigt and Robert F. Voigt to C. C. Hatler—Lot 3 block 11, Ione, \$400.

D. M. Boone to George Courtwright—SW1 of NE1, 34-6-10, \$300.

John P. Yager to Frederick Yager—Half interest in 360 acres in secs 20-21 and 22 T. 7 S. R. 9 E.

Estate of Jas. T. Wheeler—Decree setting aside estate for benefit of widow, Emma F. Wheeler.

DEED OF TRUST.

Atlas Contracting and Supply Company and B. F. Crist and F. Cronenberg—4-80 acres in Ione, to secure payment of \$5364 due last named party by party of first part, interest at 6 per cent.

MORTGAGES.

Frank Simich and wife to Mitchell Buich—Lot 6 block 3, Jackson, \$1200, three years, 6 per cent.

Mary J. Hartman to Bank of Amador county—Lot 1 block 2, Jackson, \$750, one year, 8 per cent.

John C. Hatler and wife to Wiatt Nichols—Lot 3 block 11, Ione, \$400.

Francis M. Petty and wife to V. and J. Podesta—643 acres, secs 31 and 36-6-11, \$3000, one year, 8 per cent.

S. A. Phillips and wife to J. W. Jones—Lots in 18-6-10, \$200, one year, 8 per cent.

SATISFACTION OF MORTGAGES.

J. W. Jones to S. A. Phillips and wife. John Cavagnaro and Henry Cavagnaro to Adolph Cotel and wife.

Simon Prouty to E. Hammack and L. T. Lewis.

V. and J. Podesta to F. M. Petty.

LEASE.

Richard Webb to Robert I. Kerr—Lot 15 block 7, Jackson, \$200, one year, \$32.50 per month. Assignment of lease by R. I. Kerr to W. H. Boydston, and consent of R. Webb to said assignment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

James Tomman and wife, Central Trust Co. of San Francisco—Notice of deposit in escrow by first parties with second parties of papers affecting title of Tanner ranch near Sutter Creek.

Mining Locations.

George Greenwood, Maud quartz claim, Jackson district, 600x1200 feet.

John Small, Last Chance quartz mine, Camp Opra district, 600x1500 feet.

PROOF OF LABOR.

John E. Korigan, on "What Will I Get" claim, Forest Home district.

Marguerita Molino, on Marguerita quartz claim, Clinton district.

William Hanley and John Hanley, on Little Cedar placer mine, Clinton district.

H. P. Gordon, Martin quartz mine, Plymouth district, also on Golden Gate quartz mine, Plymouth.

Tonic to the System.

For liver troubles and constipation there is nothing better than DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little Pills. They do not weaken the stomach. Their action upon the system is mild, pleasant and harmless. Bob Moore, of LaFayette, Ind., says: "No use talking, DeWitt's Little Early Risers do their work. All other pills I have used gripe and make me sick in the stomach and never cured me. DeWitt's Little Early Risers proved to be the best I ever used. They are simply perfect." Persons traveling find Little Early Risers the most reliable remedy to carry with them. Sold by all druggists.

CHARLES LYONS

THE LONDON TAILOR

The Largest Tailoring Firm on the Pacific Coast

ESTABLISHED 20 YEARS

Suits to Order from - \$17.50

Trousers to Order from 5.00

Samples and Self Measurement Forms

Bills delivered with privilege of examination and with a positive guarantee of satisfaction

721 Market St. 122 Kearny St. SAN FRANCISCO

Hotel Business for Sale.

THE UNION HOUSE BUSINESS, situated on Main street, Jackson, Feb. 1, 1905, with all fixtures and fixtures complete. The house contains 30 sleeping rooms, bar, dining room and complete equipment in every way and recently refitted throughout. Doing a good business, rooms all filled. This is an excellent opportunity for any person wishing to engage in the hotel business. Good reasons for wishing to sell. Particulars apply to J. L. S. on the premises.

Notice of Assessment.

DEL MONTE MINING AND MILLING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Jackson, Amador county, California.

Location of works, Railroad Flat Mining District, Calaveras county, California.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a regular meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1905, resolution was adopted by the said board, levied upon the subscribed capital stock of said corporation, payable immediately in United States coin, to the Secretary of the said Company, at his office in the Marcella Building on Broadway street, in Jackson, Amador county, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on or before Feb. 1, 1905, will be declared delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made thereon, will be sold to satisfy the same. The proceeds of the sale will be used to pay the delinquent assessments, with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

J. A. JAY WRIGHT, Secretary

Office in the Marcella Building, on Summit street, Jackson, Amador county, California.

Letter From Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 25.—The real important legislation is being worked out in committees, especially the joint committee which is sitting every morning with the governor for the purpose of reforming the laws. Of course nothing is more important than the system of taxation in a community. It was because our revolutionary fathers objected to the scheme of taxation proposed by the English parliament that the United States is today one of the great nations of the world. If this legislature shall reform the tax system of California, with the action of record for itself, and that is just what is going to do, the pessimists to the contrary notwithstanding. While the exact system that is to take the place of the present system has not been worked out as yet, it is still, nevertheless its radical principle is known. It is indirect as opposed to direct taxation. Instead of land and property of that character bearing the chief burden, it might also be said the entire burden of taxation will be thrown under the new scheme, the saloons, the corporations and the luxuries of life like automobiles will be the subjects of taxation.

The sum to be raised is \$6,000,000. The state spends \$9,000,000, but the other three millions are raised in several ways that do not require direct taxation. The schools for instance, have incomes from investments, and there are minor sources of income.

The expenditures of the state more than one half is spent in caring for the children and unfortunate, and indeed if the charitable expenditures be added the cost of the state government is very little. It is proposed to raise this money first by a state tax on saloons. The tax will be about \$200 a year, payable quarterly, and there will be enough saloons to make the yearly income from that source about a million. It is calculated that sixteen per cent of the saloons, or about a thousand, will be driven out of business, as besides the state there will be the regular federal and county taxes, or city if the saloon is in municipal territory, to pay. There are said to be 55,000 saloons in the state, and if they pay only ten dollars a year the income is not to be despised, but it will be graded and the chances that a million more than \$550,000 will be raised for the state are good.

There is the poll tax, but this is more likely to be repealed than anything else, for of all the taxes that have ever been devised the poll tax seems to be the most unpopular. The proposition is also to take inheritance taxes, and to make it apply to direct as well as collateral inheritances as it does now. It is thought that that will raise nearly a million more. So far as corporations are concerned the burden of taxation on their own property will be increased, no greater than it is now, only it will be differently assessed and collected. It is probable that the new tax bills will not entirely do away with direct taxation. Possibly only one half of the amount needed for the state expenses will be collected under the new system, which will be gradually enlarged as the years go by until direct taxation ceases, but the tax will only be enough under the present system to pay the school bills, which is about 22 per cent of the total. The matter is of such importance that it deserves to be generally discussed, for of course no one in the entire state will be unaffected directly or indirectly by the new laws. Nothing more radical has been proposed since California entered the union.

Of scarcely less importance than the taxation schemes are those for prison reform, for there is no more crying evil in California than the prison system. The committee having the matter in charge on the assembly side of the capitol has spent many evenings going over the bills and carefully investigating them, and as a result they have laid before the assembly a complete change in the system of the two reform schools and the two prisons. The bills were reported back on Tuesday and are understood to have the endorsement of the governor. They were prepared with great care by Preston and McKenney originally, and have now been studied by Lynch, Bliss, Amerige, Beckette, Ellis, Olmstead, Bolye and Wickham. One of the best laws in California existing under law which provides that counties shall pay for the care of the persons sent to either Whittier or the Preston School of Industry, which has made many judges to send boys to the penitentiary to save their county eleven dollars a month.

That was the pet measure of Beckett of San Francisco, who by securing the repeal will not only do an act that will be of great benefit to many boys who might have been ruined, but will also reform schools instead of the state prisons, but who has also saved his county a thousand dollars and more a month that it is now spending for boys in the county instead of going into the state prison.

No boys under sixteen will be sent to Preston if the new system prevails, and only children under sixteen to Whittier, if they are boys. Girls go to Whittier until they are twenty-one, though they are only committed there when they are under eighteen. First termers go to San Quentin and second termers to Folsom. Criminals and convicts insane will probably be sent to the state hospital in Mendocino county near Ukiah.

The farmers and the city clubs of the state university are likely to come to collision over the question of the agricultural college appropriations. The president, regents and professors want a building at Berkeley in which they can carry on their work, and the nominal farmers. So far their graduates have not averaged one a year, so the effect of the college on the farming community of California has been absolutely nil. But now it is proposed to have a farm where experienced farmers, and would-be farmers get a thoroughly practical education. The sum of \$250,000 is asked for that purpose. President Wheeler declares he favors the farm idea, but the friends of the farmers have very little confidence in Wheeler, whom they believe is at heart opposed to them, and who looks down on the agricultural community. He made certain promises two years ago when the state school was before the legislature, which the friends of the education of farmer boys believe he has not kept, and this year he came here and advocated cutting down the farm idea, and the building in half, which of course would cripple the former project far more than the latter, as a farm will need money to equip and start, while a building can be put up slowly and more money secured as the building goes. There is therefore a controversy between building and farm, though the farm seems to be on top at this writing.

Charles A. Vogelsang, chief deputy on the board of fish commissioners, is here in the interest of the gun clubs and weather classes in the state, and has succeeded in securing the introduction of a number of bills which would forbid any one in California buying a gun, or in the state, or in the poorer class fishing and hunting for a living. It is one of the worst bills and clearest cases of class legislation ever proposed in the state. He proposes to tax every man who carries a gun, and to tax every man who fishes as well as hunting. I do not think the people of California appreciate what this man is trying to do, although he is their servant and is drawing a large salary out of the treasury while

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ayer's

Falling hair means weak hair. Then strengthen your hair; feed it with the only hair food, Ayer's Hair Vigor. It checks falling hair, makes the hair grow, completely cures dandruff. And it always restores color to gray hair, all the rich, dark color of early life.

"My hair was falling out badly and I was afraid I would lose it all. Then I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. It quickly stopped the falling and made my hair grow so fast that I could wait it to be made up. I am now as well as ever."—J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

50c a bottle. All druggists.

Falling Hair

he is here lobbying in the interests of the gun clubs of the state. Do the farmers and boys who go hunting on Sundays and holidays and who like to fish occasionally, realize that an effort is being made to make those amusements quasi criminal in order that a few men may enjoy what sport they always been the right of the many? Do the people understand that every man who has a shot gun is to be taxed, for the purpose of discouraging hunting, except by a few persons who own large preserves? Do the men who shoot a few ducks and sell them, realize that what they are doing is to be made a misdemeanor, not because there are not enough ducks, but because a few ducks would be enough for the state, and have better sport if the common class of hunters were excluded from the right to shoot game? And this is being done by a state official who is here, drawing his money out of the state treasury for the purpose of covering the game of the state for a few of his personal friends, if he has no other more tangible motive. You must either hunt on your own property or get someone else to give you a duck if you have no restaurant keeper can serve them to his customers, no hotel or boarding house can ever offer them to its guests. That is the scheme, and it is time that the people should oppose it. The argument is very pure, and the debate was more remarkable for length than profundity.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

Sacramento Wedding.

There was a charming home wedding at 6 o'clock last evening at the home of the bride, 2221 O street, when Rev. Dr. W. W. Case performed the ceremony.

The bride, Miss E. E. Bowden, was very tastefully arranged and florally decorated for the occasion with potted plants and choice flowers. There was present a select company of immediate friends, quite as many as could be accommodated, and their congratulations and good wishes were added to the many handsome souvenirs of the occasion which were presented to the happy couple.

The ceremony over and the congratulations having been extended, the company repaired to the dining-room, where a wedding supper was served with all delicacies of the season. After a most enjoyable evening of conversation, the company of friends bade the newly married pair adieu, and they departed to take a late train for San Francisco, where they will remain with relatives a short time and then go on to the southern counties for a bridal tour. On their return they will reside at 2400 H street, where a pretty home awaits them.

Mr. Bowden for the greater part of his life was engaged in merchandising in Sutter Creek, where he was also a notary for many years, and was related to the business department of the Amador Ledger at Jackson. In this city he engages in the real estate and insurance business. Mrs. Bowden is widely and favorably known as a lady of fine traits of character. She is a musician of well known ability. She has a wide circle of admiring friends.—Sac. Union.

On complaint of Luka Marich, an employe of the Oneida, John Marin was arrested early this week on a charge of battery. It seems that both men were at work in the Oneida mine. As far as we can learn, Marich accused Luka of Garbarini by his conduct and blows ensued. Marich was badly beaten up by the defendant. Both men lived at Bernero's boarding-house at Jackson Gate. The bruised man came to town and complained against the defendant. San Francisco went out, but he was not to be found, but at the suggestion of friends Garbarini surrendered himself the next day, and was let out on bonds in the sum of \$100, to await trial.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.

BORN.

LOVE—in Jackson, Jan. 16, 1905, to the wife of Frank Love, a son.

BRESCIA—in Jackson, January 23, 1905, to the wife of John Brescia, a son.

MARRIED.

SULLY—in Ione, Jan. 16, 1905, by Rev. J. J. Gleason, Thomas Sully to Miss Rose Scott, both of Ione.

DIED.

William Henry Pellor, a native of England, aged 47 years.

CRAMER—in Forest Home, January 23, 1905, Charles Augustus Cramer, a native of Germany, aged 71 years.

RUST—in San Francisco, January 31, 1905, Charles Augustus Rust, aged 53 years, a native of California.

GARBARINO—in Amador City, January 23, 1905, Carlo Garbarino, a native of Italy, aged 30 years.

In cattle can be prevented. CUTER'S BLACK LEG VACCINE, against the "black leg" disease, is successful, easiest used and lowest priced reliable vaccine made. It cures, stringing and all forms. Write for free Black Leg booklet.

THE CUTLER LABORATORY

If your druggist does not stock our vaccine, order direct from us.

SUPERIOR COURT.

HON. R. C. RUST, JUDGE.

Matter of adoption of Eva Mabel Trotter by Jacob and Sadie Simon. The child is six weeks of age, and the mother, Caroline Trotter, is willing for said adoption. The parties are in Sutter Creek. Order of adoption made.

Guardianship of Mary E. Hall—Mrs. Mary Hall appointed guardian, on filing bond of \$2000.

Nickolaus vs. Nickley—Motion to strike out portion of pleadings continued to February 13; defendant may have until Feb. 2 to amend answer and plaintiff until Feb. 6 to plead or file cross-complaint.

Estate of H. Deacon—Hearing of final account continued.

Estate of Jas. T. Wheeler—Order made amending and modifying decree heretofore made setting aside real property for benefit of widow.

Estate of Mary Ione Frates—Final account and petition for distribution filed. January 23 fixed for hearing.

Estate of James Head—Feb. 4 appointed for hearing return of sale of personal property for the sum of \$257.10.

Estate of Christina Gibbert—Charles Gibbert files final account of his administration. February 4 appointed for hearing same.

Estate of Christina Gibbert—John Stark petitions for letters of administration. February 4 appointed for hearing.

NEW SUITS.

W. A. Burres vs. Marguerite Burres—Said for divorce. Parties were married in San Diego in July, 1895. The issue of said marriage is one male child aged 8 years, now in custody of defendant at San Diego. About the 4th of February, the complaint alleges, the defendant deserted the plaintiff without provocation, and has ever since lived apart from him, and refuses to live with plaintiff. A decree of divorce is asked on the ground of desertion. W. J. McGee is attorney for plaintiff.

Louisa Colman vs. Chris Uovich. On appeal from justice's court of township one—Plaintiff sued for \$92.55, balance due for board and lodging furnished to defendant at Jackson. In have better sport if the common class of hunters were excluded from the right to shoot game? And this is being done by a state official who is here, drawing his money out of the state treasury for the purpose of covering the game of the state for a few of his personal friends, if he has no other more tangible motive. You must either hunt on your own property or get someone else to give you a duck if you have no restaurant keeper can serve them to his customers, no hotel or boarding house can ever offer them to its guests. That is the scheme, and it is time that the people should oppose it. The argument is very pure, and the debate was more remarkable for length than profundity.

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Where Extremes Meet

By
Otho B. Senga

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Hammond, strong, alert, silent, guided his dashing automobile in and out amid the crush of traffic. His companion was silent also, which fact might have disconcerted a less observant man than Hammond.

He stopped the machine before a massive granite building and sprang to the sidewalk. Miss Markham watched him absently. He had said that he must stop at his office, but the waiting was not unwelcome to her. She liked to watch the great drays and heavy wagons and to observe the sights and sounds of this unfamiliar part of the city.

Presently she noticed that Hammond had not entered the building, but was standing in the doorway, looking up



"SHALL WE LOOK FOR IT TOGETHER, ELIZABETH?"

and down the street as if watching for some one. He caught her wandering glance and waved his hand, smiling brightly. Then he put both hands to his mouth, making a horn, and called something to her, which she could not hear above the roar of the street.

"It is like a boy," she thought and laughed in sympathy with his evident joyousness. "There is never any gloom or any uncertainty about him," adding sadly: "Men are so sure of themselves—and of one another. I wish I wish I knew if he thinks only of my money, as all the others seem to do."

Still watching his eager face, she knew that whatever he had been waiting for was coming, and he pointed up the street and laughed again as he ran lightly down the steps.

Two young Italians, a man and a woman, were making ready to play. The girl wore a rose wreath on her dark hair, and her eyes were filled with the light of love as she looked fondly in the face of her companion.

The strains of the music came to Miss Markham in fitful snatches, mingled with the noises of the street. She saw that Hammond was listening as if to a symphony, and she wondered a little as to the meaning of the scene. She saw him place something in the girl's small brown hand, and then the man took off his cap with low obeisance, and the girl courtesied prettily as Hammond raised his hat politely and made his way to the automobile.

"What is it?" she questioned briefly as he took his seat.

"Only the beautiful outcome of a little romance that I have watched as it blossomed here amid the sordid rush of business."

"They are lovers, these two?" falling in with his mood.

"Yes. Wedded last night. Two magnificent types of primitive humanity!" with the enthusiasm of artistic perception.

They watched the two as they went down the street, each pushing the piano with one hand, while the other hands were clasped.

"Will you tell me about them?" she asked as they reached a broad, quiet avenue away from the din and confusion of the city.

"Are you really interested?" turning to look at her curiously.

"Very much so. Please tell me."

"They are Antoine and Carita. They may have other names. These are all I know. I have watched them from my window all winter. He had a tiny fruit stand on the corner, and she was errand girl in a big millinery establishment on the next street. I saw the first love glances, and I swear by Bunker Hill they did not come from Antoine."

Miss Markham laughed softly. "I watched Carita passing and repassing, making several trips by the little stand for each errand. Then there would be days when she did not come at all, and Antoine's neck would have been safer in those days if it had really been made of rubber instead of the material provided by the Creator."

Miss Markham smiled appreciatively. She could fancy the ardent Italian gazing up and down the street watching for his sweetheart.

"Well, occasionally making pretense of an abnormal desire for bananas, I rushed out to the stand while she was still lingering there, and so I sometimes overheard a few sentences—their

soft Italian love words sounding like bird notes in spring. Can't you fancy them building a nest somewhere of boughs and moss—they wouldn't require much more than the birds, you know—and settling down like the birds to sing their love songs and rear their young?"

A new light shone in Miss Markham's clear eyes.

"And this is the man whom the girls describe as a mere business automaton," she thought, but she only said encouragingly, "Well?"

Hammond's head swam for an instant with a comprehension of the magnitude of what he meant to do, but he went on steadily.

"The day of the tornado—you remember it—when the wind tore shutters from the houses and overthrew chimneys and great limbs were stripped from the trees as the small boy pulls leaves from a twig—that day I witnessed the downfall of the house of Buona—in other words, the complete destruction of Antoine's fruit stand and peanut cooker."

Miss Markham sighed with quick sympathy. Hammond was unconsciously giving the little story a dramatic turn.

"Poor Antoine! He made one or two frantic endeavors to prevent the disaster, and then, crushed by the misfortune, he clung to the doorway of the office building and watched the gamins as they wildly scrambled for the scattered fruit."

"And was everything entirely ruined?" Miss Markham's hand instinctively sought her purse.

"The peanut cooker lay in the mud, bent and twisted out of all semblance to its kind. Antoine picked it up with trembling hands and then, realizing its uselessness, replaced it in the gutter, while the tears streamed down his cheeks."

"That isn't all?" expectantly.

Hammond continued obediently: "Never mind, Antoine, I said cheerfully—it's so easy to be cheerful over another's misfortune, you know—you'll soon be on your feet again. We must expect reverses in business."

At my words of sympathy the flood gates of his grief were opened, and the words fairly tumbled over one another, his soft broken English finally relapsing into Italian altogether as he told his story. He had been so careful of his money—he had saved twenty-three 'dolla. They were to have been married tomorrow, he and Carita, and he was to have bought Carita a new gown and a rose wreath for her hair, and they would have been so happy! And now—then he pointed eloquently to the ruined peanut cooker, waved both hands in a gesture expressing the utter nothingness of his condition, and the ready tears came again.

"I missed him then for several weeks. The other day they came together and waited until I came out from the office. 'My brudde! he die,' began Antoine cheerfully as soon as I joined them. 'An' leave Antoine several-four 'dolla,' said Carita, her eyes big with the magnitude of the fortune. 'An' his business,' Antoine added pompously. 'Did he have a stand?' I asked him. 'No, a piano. We marry ourselves tonight, Thursday.'"

Hammond paused abruptly. The expression on Miss Markham's patrician face was so unlike the usual air of polite indifference that he was almost startled into the telling of his own story, forgetful of the Italian lovers.

"That is all," he added awkwardly.

"And how did you know they would be at your office this morning?" as if reluctant to leave the subject.

"Antoine hunted me up last night—at the club. He said his wife—she should have seen his eyes when he said the word—his wife wanted to come and play for me first, believing it would bring them luck. I hadn't intended to go downtown this morning, as you know, but I thought that was really very little to do if it would add anything to their happiness. Foolish things, aren't they?" He turned his head away. She would agree with this, of course, and he couldn't bear to have her do so.

She put her hand lightly on his arm. "No, they are not foolish. They are wise. They have found the greatest thing in the world. Those who win love need look no farther; there is nothing more to have here. They who lose it lose everything."

He put his own strong hand over the smaller one resting on his arm. "Shall we look for it—together, Elizabeth?"

She looked hastily about—there was no one near; they were quite in the country now—and raised her beautiful face to his. "I think we have found it already," she whispered.

A Very Large Mine.

There was once in Criddle Creek an odd character named Burns. He was an odd person, who always, no matter what his work, wore what used to be called a "Prince Albert."

He struck a rich vein of ore and named that the Prince Albert. Being of a generous and convivial disposition, this lucky fellow was, of course, surrounded by many self-seeking friends. When he and they were in their cups some of them, with an eye to the main chance, managed to wheedle out of Burns on one pretext or another a deed of a share in his mine. With royal prodigality he scattered deeds about among his retainers and camp followers until finally something had to be done, and the case was taken into court.

One of the lawyers had Burns on the lawyer, "will you please tell the court how you can explain your conduct?" The evidence shows that you have deeded away twenty-nine twenty-fourths of your mine. What have you to say to that?" "Well, sir," replied the witness, "you must remember, sir, that the Prince Albert is a very large mine."

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A LEPAGE PICTURE.

The Work That Brought the Artist Public Recognition.

The label on a certain spring water still in use was designated by Du Maurier, who was probably not over-paid for it, and a New York artist who has since gained distinction eked out the hardest part of his early struggles by designing advertisements for a commercial house. There have been many more perhaps, but the most conspicuous on record is Bastien Legape, who through this very fact was forced into fame. He was pursued by unmerciful disaster through his youth in his efforts to study art. His mother worked in the fields to keep a sickly boy at school. At fifteen he went alone to Paris, started for seven years, painted without success, but still—painted. He had just finished a picture to send to the Salon when Paris was besieged, and he rushed with his comrades to the trenches.

On the first day a shell fell into his studio and destroyed his picture, and another shell burst at his feet, wounding him. He was carried home and lay ill and idle for two years. Then he returned to Paris and, reduced to absolute want, painted cheap fans for a living.

One day a manufacturer of some patent medicine ordered a picture from him to illustrate its virtues. Legape, who was always sincere, gave his best work to this advertisement. He painted a landscape in the April sunlight. The leaves of tender green quivered in the breeze. A group of beautiful young girls gathered around a fountain from which the elixir of youth sprang in a bubbling stream. Legape believed there was real merit in it.

"Let me offer it at the Salon!" he asked his patron.

The manufacturer was delighted. "But first paint a rainbow arching over the fountain," he said, "with the name of my medicine upon it."

Legape refused.

"Then I will not pay you a sou for the picture."

The price of this picture meant bread for months, and the painter had long needed bread. The chance of admission to the salon was small. He hesitated. Then he silenced his hunger and carried the canvas to the salon. It was admitted.

Its great success insured Legape public recognition, and his later work gained him a place among the greatest of living artists.

PROVERBS OF MEXICO.

The noise is more than the powder—the Mexican way of saying it is "hot air."

When it rains, we all get wet—the Mexican way of saying, "Misfortunes never come singly."

The devil is not astute because he is the devil, but because he is old—used to express the value of experience.

When bread is cut, crumbs are left, expressing the fact that we all have a share in our neighbors' good fortune.

After the child is drowned, cover up the well—the Mexican way of saying, "After the horse is stolen, lock the stable."

It is better to go around than to fall down, expressing the fact that it is often better to avoid a difficulty than to try to overcome it.—Chicago Journal.

Would Make Sure About the Soap. A little boy who had been blowing bubbles all the morning, trying of play and suddenly growing serious, said, "Read me that story about heaven; it'll be glorious."

"I will," said the mother, "but first tell me, did you take the soap out of the water?"

"Oh, yes; I'm pretty sure I did."

The mother read the description of the beautiful city, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl. He listened with delight, but when she came to the words, "No one can enter there who loveth or maketh a lie," bounding up, he said:

"I guess I'll go and these about that soap!"—New York Observer.

Entangled in a Live Wire. If a person is tangled in a live electric wire and you want to extricate him therefrom, do not take hold of the victim's hands, as is often done in case of this kind. You will be shocked if you do. Be sure to grab the clothes alone, and then you are safe, and the current cannot reach you. Do not let anything come in contact with your bare hands but his coat and trousers. Of course if you have thick leather gloves on you can handle with impunity the individual in distress.

Appropriate Ending. The thoughtful little boy with the high forehead tied an oblong septentennial tie to the dog's tail and watched the animal go tearing down the alley.

"For a Scotch colle," the boy explained to the bystanders, "I thought he wasn't quite as canny as he ought to be."—Chicago Tribune.

Softening It. Boghtlet—What do you mean by saying I'm the worst actor you ever saw? Coolly—Well, I've no doubt it did seem rather harsh; but, then, you know, there are so many actors I have never seen!—Boston Transcript.

Irritating Iteration. "I don't see why you call him stupid. He says a clever thing quite often."

"Exactly. He doesn't seem to realize that it should be said only once."—Philadelphia Press.

For the Serious Moment. "I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on."

"Yes; he said he'd rather 'take it' when he paid his bill."

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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS

OFFICE OF THE TAX COLLECTOR, OF THE COUNTY OF AMADOR, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE TAXPAYERS of Amador county, that I, T. K. NORMAN, Tax Collector of Amador county, will on the 10th day of October, 1904, receive from the County Auditor of Amador county the original assessment books for the year 1904, containing a list of the persons assessed for real and personal property, and the amount of State and County taxes due thereon for said year.

That said taxes are now due and payable to me at my office in the court house, in the town of Jackson, county of Amador, State of California.

That the taxes on all personal property secured by real property, and one-half of the taxes on all real property were due and payable on the second Monday in October, 1904, and will be delinquent on the last Monday in November next, at 6 o'clock p. m., and that unless paid prior thereto, fifteen per cent will be added to the amount thereof, and if said one-half be not paid before the last Monday in April next at 6 o'clock p. m., an additional five per cent will be added thereto.

That the remaining one-half of the taxes on all real property will be payable on and after the first Monday in January next, and will be delinquent on the last Monday in April next thereafter, at 6 o'clock p. m., and that unless paid prior thereto, five per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

That all taxes may be paid at the time the first installment, as herein provided, is due and payable.

First installment, one-half real estate and all personal property, due October 10th, 1904, at 6 o'clock p. m.

Second installment, one-half real estate, due January 2nd, 1905, at 6 o'clock p. m.

Second installment, one-half real estate, due April 24th, 1905, at 6 o'clock p. m.

All the taxes may be paid in full at the time the first installment is due.

Taxes not paid according to law will be delinquent and 15 per cent and 5 per cent and other costs will be added thereto.

Positively no checks received for the payment of taxes.

T. K. NORMAN,
Tax Collector of Amador County

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